THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles comprehending Literature, Criticism, Men and Manners, Amusement, Elegant Extracts, Poetry, Anecdotes, Biography, Meteorology, the Drama, Arts and Sciences, Wit and Satire, Fashions, Natural History, &c. &c. forming a handsome Annual Volume, with an Index and Title-page.—*Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*

No. 315.—Vol. VII. TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1826. PRICE 3½d

The Philanthropist.

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Every institution which has for its object the melioration of the condition of those most forlorn and destitute of our species who are deprived of the use of hearing and of speech, must possess strong claims to the sympathy and patronage of the philanthropist and the Christian. Never was human ingenuity more usefully employed than in devising the means by which our deaf and dumb fellow-creatures are enabled to communicate with each other, and with the rest of mankind; but the process is slow, tedious, and difficult, in proportion to the importance of the result; and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon those who have devoted themselves to the benevolent pursuit. Such an individual is our townsman, Mr. Comer, to whose unremitting and disinterested exertions Liverpool owes the honour of having at length an establishment for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. In the discharge of this most important task considerable expense and responsibility have been incurred, in which the public at large ought in fairness to participate. At a general meeting of the gentlemen favourable to the institution, held on Thursday last, in Slater-street, the Report, which we shall presently lay before our readers, was read, and the object of the meeting will be best understood by the annexed advertisement, which we here insert gratuitously, as our contributory mite to the subscription.

INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB,

48, WOOD-STREET, AND 28, FLEET-STREET.

A GENERAL MEETING of Gentlemen favourable to the object of Instructing the DEAF and DUMB, was held in the Charitable Institution House, Slater-street, on Thursday, July 6, pursuant to public advertisement.

The Rev. R. P. BUDDICOM, A.M. F.A.S.

Was called to the Chair.

The Chairman having opened the business of the Meeting, and Mr. Wm. Comer having given a detailed report of the proceedings which he had set on foot, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of instructing the Deaf and Dumb at the same hours, and under the same regulations as those of other Schools, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously, viz.

1. That the offer of Mr. Wm. Comer, of placing this Institution under the direction of a Committee, be accepted.

2. That the following Gentlemen, together with all Clergymen and Dissenting Ministers who shall be subscribers to the Institution, be the Committee for the ensuing year, with power to add to their number, viz.

Mr. Robert Bickerstath,	Mr. Thomas Kaye,
„ T. E. Barclay,	„ Samuel Parkes,
„ Edward Cropper,	„ James Ryley, Jun.
„ Edward Dearman,	„ Robert Russell,
„ William Donald,	„ Samuel Staniforth,
„ Thomas Forsyth,	„ William Tarlet,
„ Adam Hodgson,	„ Henry Wilson,
„ Samuel Hope,	„ R. V. Yates.
„ William Jones,	

Mr. RICHARD RATHBONE, Treasurer.

Mr. WILLIAM COMER, Secretary.

3. That the Committee be requested to solicit the patronage of the Mayor, and the Rev. the Rectors, to this Institution.

4. That Donations towards the expenses already incurred, and Annual Subscriptions for the support of the Institution, be immediately solicited, and that the Banks and the usual places be requested to receive Books for that purpose.

5. That the cordial thanks of this Meeting be presented to Mr. Comer, for his exertions in establishing and bringing forward this valuable Institution.

R. P. BUDDICOM, Chairman.

6. That the cordial thanks of the Meeting be given to the Chairman, for his able conduct in the chair.

In the last volume of the *Kaleidoscope* were introduced several interesting conferences between deaf and dumb pupils and their master, which fully establish the fact, that these objects of our commiseration and sympathy, notwithstanding their natural disqualifications, are capable of being taught to reason and to feel correctly upon every subject. Those who wish to refer to these documents, may meet with them by consulting our sixth volume, pages 353, 387, 422, and 430. We have a continuation of them in store for next week.

We shall now lay before the public Mr. Comer's Report, which is given in the third person, but which might have been published in the first person, without subjecting the writer to the charge of egotism, as to his exertions alone the establishment owes its existence.—*Edit. Kal.*

REPORT.

It was, said Mr. Comer, about three years since his attention was first directed to the very melancholy situation of those children of the poor who are deprived of the faculty of speech. The lectures of Mr. Humphreys, of Claremont Asylum, near Dublin, first excited his attention to the deplorable condition of the uneducated deaf and dumb. The mode of instruction pointed out by Mr. Humphreys, though considered by Mr. H. as only applicable to those asylums set apart for the education of mutes, appeared to him (Mr. C.) to be so plain and simple, that he became anxious to try the experiment on a few children in one of our common schools. Having met with four mutes, two boys and two girls, whose parents were willing that they should receive such instruction as could be given them, he placed them under the care of the master of the Jordan-street free day school, where, in the course of six months after their admission, they were taught the use of the manual printed and written alphabets, could spell most short words, knew the names and uses of a variety of objects, and wrote a fair legible hand. But Mr. C. finding that to proceed much farther would take up so much of the time and attention of the master as materially to interfere with his other duties, this plan was abandoned, as the interest of the *many* other boys in the school could not be allowed to give way to that of the *few* mutes. The result of this experiment was, however, so pleasing and satisfactory, so far as it went, that Mr. Comer resolved to open a separate day school for the education of deaf and dumb children, so soon as he could procure a building and land sufficiently central and commodious for the purpose, and could meet with a master who understood the general mode of instruction practised in the institutions for this purpose in other parts of the kingdom, and who would be willing to conduct it on Mr. Comer's plan. That in pursuance of this resolution he purchased the premises formerly occupied by the late Mr. Isaac Wolfe, as a dwelling-house and brewery, in Fleet-street and Wood-street, and enlarged the former so as to render it a very comfortable dwelling capable of accommodating with board and lodging ten or twelve children, whose parents were living at a distance, and whose circumstances would enable them to pay for their board and education. On the land fronting Wood-street, a school was built, 8 yards by 9, two stories high, and sufficiently commodious to accommodate from 50 to 60 pupils. At the time of purchasing the property, there were only 12 years of the lease from the Corporation unexpired, but on his application to the Council for a new lease, they, with their usual liberality, granted him one for 75 years, without the payment of any fine, and renewable so long as it continues to be used for the same charitable purpose.

The school opened on the 18th of January, 1825, under the superintendence of Mr. John Anderson, late of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Glasgow, whom Mr. C. engaged at an annual salary, with the understanding that he was to give instructions to any young men it might be desirable to qualify as teachers; and that he should derive no emolument from the pupils whose parents could afford to pay for their instruction.

The number of children and young persons admitted at the opening of the school was about *twenty*; but they were soon reduced to *twelve* of the youngest, as the parents were generally too poor to do without the earnings of those who were old enough to get employment.

The change in the appearance of these children was very soon apparent. Instead of the dull, stupid, heavy, monotonous countenances which they at first exhibited, they soon became lively, cheerful, animated, and intelligent.

That, during the time that these interesting objects of our Christian sympathy have been at school, which, exclusive of the holidays, is scarcely fifteen months, the improvement they have made is such as to give the most cheering anticipations, that, by the time they have been at school an equal number of years to children attending other day schools, they will be sufficiently instructed in all that is essential for them to know, to qualify them for the proper fulfilment of the duties of life, and to enable them to become useful members of civil and religious society. In proof that this expectation is well founded, he said it was only necessary to appeal to the observation of those who were present at the late examination of the pupils. On this occasion the children manifested a degree of intelligence, and an acquaintance with the rudiments of learning, scarcely, if at at all, inferior to that possessed by children attending, for an equal length of time, at our common schools.

In addition to the twelve poor children, there had been for the last twelve months a young gentleman and his sister, from Oswestry, received as private pupils. The former had been, for four years previously, with Mr. Anderson, in Glasgow, and his parents were so much pleased with the rapid progress he had made, that, as soon as his health, which became impaired, was restored, they immediately placed him and his sister (whom he had instructed during his stay at home) in this institution. That these had hitherto been boarded in the dwelling-house already alluded to, in which was fixed a respectable female, under whose care it might with great confidence be recommended that children should be placed.

That, considering the attempt to instruct the deaf and dumb, in the way he had proceeded, merely as an experiment, he had declined receiving more children into the school, until those first admitted had made that progress which would *demonstrate* to all impartial persons the practicability of teaching mutes in a school conducted on the same plan, and held during the same hours, as schools for the instruction of children who enjoy the inestimable blessing of speech.

That the experiment had, he thought, fully succeeded, and when it was considered that the school had been under little or no patronage, had been left almost entirely to the management of the master, without the aid and assistance of an efficient committee; and that, in these respects, it had not enjoyed the advantages common to all our other charity schools; the result was quite as favourable as he could have expected. Much credit was certainly due to Mr. Anderson, for his assiduity and attention to his pupils, whose entire confidence he seemed to possess.

That the first cost of the buildings, including the alterations and additions, amounted to rather more than £1600, and the current expenses of the establishment, since its commencement, to £425, towards which £30 had been received for the education of the two private pupils, together with unsolicited donations amounting to £200.

In conclusion, he said, that, in compliance with the wish of several ladies and gentlemen who had witnessed the progress of the children's improvement, and who were anxious that the benefits of the institution should be extended as far as it is possible, he now offered to transfer it into the hands of such gentlemen as may be appointed a committee for its future management.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

Having lately had occasion to consult the last number of the *London Magazine*, for the pupose of commenting upon an article which appeared in that work on the subject of John Dunn Hunter, the great traveller, or *soi disant* great traveller, we took the opportunity of perusing the other contents of the *Magazine*, and were so much entertained with the Suicide, that we immediately made up our minds to lay aside some prepared communication intended for this day's *Kaleidoscope*, in order that we might lay before our readers the whole of this very amusing, instructive, and well-written story.—*Edit. Kal.*

THE SUICIDE.

My father was a Shropshire country gentleman, who, to an ancient descent and narrow income, added the blessing of a family of thirteen children. My mother having died in giving birth to the thirteenth of us, he married a second wife, whose single misfortune it was, as she used feelingly to lament, to have no offspring. My father, though a tender husband, bore this dispensation without repining; reconciled, no doubt, in some degree to it, by the daily cheering sight of thirteen rosy boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, seated at six o'clock in full health, appetite, and activity, at the long mahogany dining-table. This consoling spectacle was strongly backed by the butcher's weekly bills, which reminded our parent punctually every Saturday morning, that Heaven had already done much for him in respect of progeny, and sent him to church on Sunday perfectly resigned to the barrenness of his second lady. These considerations operating on a naturally contented mind, indeed, so weighed with my father, that instead of sharing in my stepmother's distress at having no children by his second marriage, he appeared solicitous about nothing so much as how to dispose of that ample stock which he had been blessed with by his first. It happened, unfortunately, to our house, as to many other good houses, that while our honours had increased with time, our fortunes had waned with it; years, which had steadily added to the antiquity of our name, had as regularly abstracted from the rents and profits of the domain; the geneological tree shot its roots deep, and spread its branches far and wide, but the oaks were felled, and there was as much parchment on the land as would have sufficed for all the pedigrees of the Welsh principality. When my father came into the possession of the estate, a prudent wife and genteel economy just enabled him to support the dignity of —— Place; he kept fewer servants, fewer horses, saw less company, than his father before him; but still the establishment was on a creditable and comfortable footing. As my mother, however, successively blessed him year after year with some one of us, matters began to wear another aspect; it became necessary to pare things closer and closer, and by the time that I, the seventh child and fourth son, had arrived at my full appetite, it was necessary to practise the most rigid economy, in order to keep half an ox on our table for our daily meal, and two or three clowns in livery behind our chairs, to change our plates and fill our glasses. Had our wants stopped here, all would have been comparatively well, but being gentlemen of name in the county, it was essentially necessary to us that we should do as others of our own rank did; we were all, accordingly, for hunting, racing, cocking, attending balls, music meetings, &c. and miserably was my poor father importuned to provide the means of our various indispensible amusements. In this state of things, it was not surprising that his most earnest wish was to see us "strike root into the pockets of the people" in some way. But he was a Whig, unfortunately, and could therefore do no more than put us in the right path against a *favourable turn in public affairs*; which, in the vulgar phraseology, is the *turn out* of the opposite party, and the *turn in* of one's own. My eldest brother, John, took orders that he might be ready for a living; the second, Charles, got, through the friendly interest of our Tory neighbour Sir Marmaduke Boroughly, an ensigncy in the 60th foot; James went into the navy with a view to a ship when out friends should come in, and, poor fellow, he is at this day a midshipman of twelve years' standing. Unluckily, having come into the world after my three brothers, I found, when my time arrived, that all the best things were disposed of. The Whig bishopric in expectancy, the staff appointment, the ship, were all gone,—anticipated by my brothers; and now began my troubles, and the vexatious affair which led to the remarkable incident that is the main subject of this paper. One of my father's earliest and fastest friends was Mr. W. an eminent London solicitor. Business brought this worthy man to our part of the country just at the time that the peace had thrown my brother Charles back on my father's hands a half pay ensign, and also my brother James a no-pay midshipman, and that my brother John had returned from college to take up his abode in the paternal mansion till a stall should be opened to him by a Whig admininistration. At this happy moment of reunion, Mr. W. became our guest, and professionally acquainted as he was with my father's affairs, the sight of his board, so graced with well-grown sons from barrack, sea, and college—not to mention nine daughters, whose pink sashes alone must have required half a mile of ribbon—filled him with a friendly concern. My three brothers *had* their professions; I alone was unprovided for, and there was a sobriety in my air which found favour in the eyes of our guest. The truth is, that I was naturally a romantic, melancholy lad, and at this particular period a little affair of sentiment had deepened this complexion to a very respectable seriousness of deportment. So favourable was the impression I produced on Mr. W. that a few days after he had left us for London, a letter arrived from him containing an offer to my father, couched in the handsomest terms, to take me into his house as an articled clerk without the usual premium; and concluding with an intimation that in good time he would take me also into his firm. My father considered my fortune as made, but there was a sound in the word *clerk* that did not please me; it seemed to confound me with excisemen's clerks, parson's clerks, and all the other clerks that I could think of in the town of D——. At all events, thought I, Louisa Daventry must be consulted before I accede to this derogatory proposal: I don't like it I am free to confess, but I will hear what *she* says. And that very evening Louisa Daventry was consulted, and never shall I forget her look of absolute horror as she exclaimed, "An attorney's clerk! What! and wear short black gaiters!" The affair was finished! I resolved firmly, and swore to Louisa, never to be classed with a body of men chargeable with short black gaiters! But knowing my father's prejudices in favour of the road to wealth, and that he did not view short black gaiters in the same light with Louisa and myself, I returned home full only of the honour of our family, and represented to him that it would be highly unbecoming that one of the ancient house of Squanderly should become an attorney's clerk. My father very coolly answered that our ancient house could no longer keep our ancient family; that, in short, he could not support me in idleness, and that I must accept of Mr. W.'s offer or remain a burden to my family; a thing, which, in justice to my sisters, he could not permit. He told me, further, to be under no sort of uneasiness about the honour of the family, reminding me that I was only a younger son, and that my eldest brother was charged with the maintenance of our house's dignity, while I was free to get rich as I could, like other younger brothers. With all respect I intimated to him that he was entirely in error in his view of the matter, and that my regard to the name of the Squanderlys must compel me to disobey his commands. I observed on the baseness of making sacrifices to wealth, and quoted such passages from the classics as my education had stored me with in disparagment of riches. My father's good opinion of wealth remained unshaken, however, and he was wholly unmoved by my citations. I dared not quote my best authority, Louisa, nor could I urge the black gaiters; this was, I felt, an argument for refined souls, and somehow or other, with every respect for my father, I knew that it would be worse than thrown away on him.

I need not describe the details of the contest; my father was what *I* called *obstinate*, and I what *I* called *firm*. The substance of the argument between us might be summed up in these common forms of disputation, "*you shall*," and "*I won't*."

Through the kindness of a friend, Mr. W. was duly informed of the gracious reception I had given to his kind offer, and of the consequent dispute raging between father and son. On learning these circumstances, he wrote at once to my father, entreating him to put no force on the young gentleman's inclinations, regretting that his proposal, meant for the best, should have occasioned domestic uneasiness, and hoping that no more would be thought about the matter. My father, however, who, having succeeded in getting so many children, knew the advantage of getting rid of them, replied to such effect as to bind Mr. W. to his offer, but with this proviso—that I should go up to town and attend the office of Mr. W. regularly for six months, after which time I should be free to make my final election. My father further determined into a treaty with me, to allow me, during this period, at the rate of £200 a year, while I punctually attended the office, but in default of attendance the allowance was to be stopped. These arrangements having been made, I was packed off to London, having only just had time to snatch a parting interview with Louisa Daventry, in which I vowed never to be an attorney's clerk, and we mutually swore to preserve unshaken constancy.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that I of course imputed the vexatious resolution of my father to the machinations of my stepmother; and also failed not to lay to her account a kind of hint that Louisa's father Sir Toby, had given me, that my visits to his house were favours which he should value more highly if they were rarer. My stepmother, however, had in truth nothing to do either with the one affair or the other, for she was a harmless, inoffensive being, possessed of one all-absorbing wish, which was to increase the family of the Squanderlys. A desire which, however natural, Providence, in its mercy, did not vouchsafe to gratify.

While on my journey to London I consoled myself under all my cares with the idea of the many pleasurses that awaited me in the capital; but after the novelty of the first two or three days had worn off, I cannot describe how much, and in how many small points of comfort I deplored the change in my habits of life. I had no acquaintance in London excepting M. W. whom I looked on as a professional quiz, and his family were not in town: as for the clerks in his office, it was enough for me that they were *clerks*—I was a Squanderly. Then I had exchanged a good house; a genteel, sufficiently furnished, though not *handsome* table, and the society of a large and always cheerful family, for a lodging up two pair of stairs in a little street called Gloucester-street, Queen-square, and a solitary meal on a blackened tough chop, or an impregnable beef-steak. Every thing was squalid within, and melancholy without. I thought of our dear skies and pleasant fields, and sighed at the view of dull, dirty houses, and a dun-coloured canopy of smoke over head, which excluded the sight of even a cloud fresh from the country. From sheer *ennui* I took to the office for a few days, but when there I was expected to share in its duties, and I hated the look of the parchments more than the view of the smoke buildings of Gloucester-street, and found copying an indenture more intolerable than the solitude of my dingy apartment. This did not last long. I began to haunt the theatres at night, (the first step in the Rake's progress,) and to read novels and romances in the day, abandoned Mr. W.'s altogether, killed time, spent my money, ran in debt, and got letters of reproach from my father, nay, even from my brothers. To make short of the discreditable details, at last I received a resolute warning from my father, that if I did not resume my attendance at Mr. W.s, and make up my mind to avail myself of the means offered of procuring my bread, justice to the other members of his family required that he should withdraw my allowance, and leave me to pursue my own course. This communication somewhat shocked me; but I thought of Louisa, and resolved to suffer the last extremity rather than degrade myself in her bright eyes. I therefore persevered in the cause which had drawn down my father's displeasure, and after the lapse of a fortnight received from him the following letter:—

Henry,—As I hear that my last admonition has not induced you to present yourself at Mr. W.'s, I must take it for granted that some means of making your fortune have occurred to you of which I am not at present aware. You decline one sure way to a competence; I must, therefore, suppose that you have another in view, but as I am not consulted, I presume that my assistance is not required, and therefore from this hour I shall withhold it. I have children enough with claims on the allowance which has been for some months thrown away on you. From this moment cease to expect it. We all wish you well, and success in the scheme of life you have resolved on pursuing, whatever it may be. J. S.

I thought that I had long made up my mind to the worst consequences of my disobedience, but it seemed that this letter opened my eyes for the first time to my utter helplessness, when abandoned to my own resources. My debts (small, very small, as they really were) first occurred to me—how were they to be discharged? how could I meet the applications of my creditors? how could I, a Squanderly, endure the insolence of these importunate people, an insolence of which I had already had a sample or two?—then, how was I to support myself, how to supply my daily wants? I knew not how a stiver was to be earned. I could hunt, shoot, draw a badger, fight a main of cocks, with any youth of my age in the kingdom; but though thus accomplished in my proper sphere, I possessed no one kind of knowledge or skill on which men

got a price. "How am I to live?" was the question; "I can die," was my answer. The suggestion elevated me in my own opinion. The squalid details of misery which I had been passing in anticipation before me, disappeared, and I strode across my little apartment with the air of one who had taken a resolution which placed him above the malice of fortune. The being who has been honoured with Louisa's love, thought I, must never submit to *degradation*. That word *degradation* was of great use to me; it supported me through all my desperate resolutions like little Acre's "*honour*." But I did not think with levity of the matter *then*, and the simile never entered my head. Young people always think lightly of death, and my romantic turn made me regard a violent one by my own hands with something very much akin to complacency. I was about to act the first part in a tragedy, which would make some noise in the world. My family would be made to suffer vain regrets, and to repent their rigour towards me. The world would admire my high sense of honour which led me to prefer death to *degradation*. And Louisa Daventry!—Louisa Daventry would pass a life of virgin innocence in weeping over my early fate, keeping her vestal flame alive in the tomb of her Henry! I remembered how she had been affected one sweet night as she sat in the honey-suckle alcove, by my reciting to her the lines from Campbell's Pleasures of Hope:—

> And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
> I lay my head beneath the willow tree.
> Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
> And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
> Oh! wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
> The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
> With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
> Muse on the last farewell I left behind;
> Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
> And think on all my love and all my woe?

I was at that time as strong as a horse, and, like Tony Lumpkin, never coughed except when my liquor went the wrong way; but, nevertheless, it pleased my sentimental soul to imagine myself fated to early death by consumption; and I recited these lines with all the eloquence of a lover, and the peculiar tenderness of one anticipating his own demise. Louisa was moved, and sunk sobbing on my shoulder. I triumphed in those tears; and it afforded me at this period an indescribable satisfaction to think, that the desperate expedient I contemplated would cause them again to flow in sorrow for my too real and too tragic fate. Yes, I thought, my death will put its sad seal on her young affections—She will never love another—No! She will pass the remainder of her blameless life in retirement, and "think on all my love and all my woe." The thought was luxury to me. The thought of the late regrets of my family also pleased me. I felt that they had every thing to answer for; it was their selfishness that made me a suicide. In my own judgment I stood clear of all blame. I never cast the slightest reproach to my own account. I looked upon myself as an injured, persecuted being, driven to death by the base, worldly, sordid covetings of my kinsmen. I cannot express how I compassionated myself, and how affectionately I took my own part. The best friends in the world have found something amiss in my conduct; they all, on such occasions, find faults on both sides; but I myself was my own best friend, and I found no fault—on my side. I was as magnanimous to myself as Hector is to Helen, in the Iliad. I never blamed the main cause of the calamity. I generously carried my reproaches and my wrath elsewhere. Of course, my poor innocent stepmother came in for a handsome portion of both. Many a night, after having burned with indignation at her imagined machinations, I have been softened to tears by contemplating my own distress; and have wept over myself with the tenderness of a mother weeping over the sufferings of an innocent babe. It is astonishing how affliction endears us to ourselves. If what Sheridan says of woman is, as I believe it is, true—that a woman never loves a man with passion till she has suffered for his sake; it is no less true, that we never love ourselves with full fervour till we have suffered for our faults. A man is his best friend; there is nobody that feels so much for him as he feels for himself; and there is nobody who espouses his quarrels with the same zeal and blind spirit of partisanship.

Having now determined on self-destruction as the only means of avoiding want, misery, and degradation, the time for carrying my resolution into effect was the only remaining point to be settled. I was in no immediate hurry to be cruel to my flesh. While I had the means of living, I thought there was no reason for dying; but I determined not to put the deed off to the last moment, or farther to the last pound. In my treasury I found only three pounds and some silver. My sand, thought I, runs low; but it were cowardly to economise, when death comes with the last pound. Acting on this feeling, I lived more expensively than usual, (though, Heaven knows, my expenses were, after all, by no means prodigious, though exceeding my very slender means.) I drank some wine, too; and the first night, after dinner, I had a very good mind to carry my purpose into effect at once, without more delay, for I felt braced up to it, and thought that I could plunge from the top of Waterloo-bridge into the river, as boldly as ever I plunged into a cold bath; but happening to pass Covent-garden Theatre, in my way to look at the water, I dropped in there instead. Here I heard the graceful Miss M. Tree sing that sweet song of Moore's,

> Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
> In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes;
> Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
> Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

Though there certainly was nothing in me that seemed particularly "*born for the skies*," yet I failed not to apply the sentiment to my intended untimely fate; and the big tears coursed down my cheeks, while Miss Tree breathed the sweet air with that soul and expression for which she was so justly celebrated. I thought that Louisa should sing that song, and that song only, when I should be gone; forgetting at the instant that Louisa did not sing; and requiring, in my own mind, that she should practically belie the injunction of it, by weeping the whole time. On leaving the theatre I was too sleepy to think of suicide. The next day I read the Sorrows of Werter, wrote a letter to Louisa, and cut off a large lock of my hair, which I enclosed in it. On the third day my money was getting low, and I thought of the choice of deaths. Shooting was out of the question, for I had no pistols; and if I had had any, I conceived that there would be an ugly crunch, like the drawing of a tooth, and perhaps a lingering painful death, which I felt extremely anxious to spare myself. Throat-cutting I disapproved also, for I was habitually a neat man in all things, and I did not like to make a mess in my lodgings; the sensation of the gash, too, I fancied might possibly stay one's hand, for I could, by no means, dismiss my tenderness for my flesh. The idea of drowning pleased me most, for I delighted in the water, and thought that death would come most endurably in the shape of a bath. I was no swimmer, too. So much the better. On drowning, therefore, I resolved. It may seem odd, but it is, nevertheless, true, that, in considering the means I escaped all thought of the catastrophe itself. I had determined to *die*, and pondered on the mode; but the thing itself, *death*, occupied no portion of my thoughts. I had resolved to put out the light, and reflected seriously whether I should clap the extinguisher on it, or snuff, or blow it out, or turn it down in the socket, or ram it against the wall, or quench it in a basin of fair water; but I had never troubled myself with any idea of the consequent darkness. *Death* was a mere word to me: but words *were every* thing to me. It was the word *degradation* which led me to the remedy *death*. I had quarrelled with the profession allotted to me, because I should bear the name of *clerk*; about the *thing* I never troubled my head, the sound had irresistible power; and that, and Louisa Daventry's conception of attorneys, as black-gaitered men, had given the colour of my destiny. These names had led me to the brink of destitution; and nothing stood between me and the word *degradation*, but the word *death*. But though I did not think deeply of death, I thought it a pitiable thing that I should die; and I lamented myself, and grieved over myself, with a true and tender sorrow. Being alone privy to my own intended demise, I was, as it were, my own chief mourner; and I conscientiously believe that the office was never more sincerely or affectionately filled. My poor stock of money was flying much quicker than a weaver's shuttle; there was, therefore, no time to lose, more especially as I had some secret distrusts, which I hesitated to confess even to myself, of my own resolution. I dreaded lest want and misery should bind me to existence, as I had observed that men always cling to life with a tenacity inversely proportioned to its worth. Give a man health and vigour, and he will be ready to throw up his life for a straw: fix him to the bed of sickness, blind his eyes, dull his senses, paralyse his body, make him a cripple, helpless to himself and burdensome to others, and he cherishes his maimed existence with frightful earnestness, and contemplates, with horror, the robber Death, who has little to deprive him of but his pains. The secret dread of sinking to this abject pass, made me hasten to my measures: like a child taking physic, I felt the policy of a hasty gulp; and, in the afternoon of the third day since the date of my tragical resolve, I went forth with the purpose never to return, having left a packet for Louisa, and a short letter for my family, bequeathing them my forgiveness, and my debts. I set out at about three, on a mild but blowy December day, and walked from my lodgings to Millbank, thence on to Chelsea; for though it was high-water, and the river ran deep at Millbank, I passed on, preferring, I don't exactly know why, the more distant Battersea-bridge for my fatal plunge. When I arrived at the bridge, the evening was fast closing in, the tide had turned to the ebb, and was sweeping rapidly through the wooden arches, curled, blackened, and hurried, by a brisk south-westerly wind. I thought myself ready for my leap; I first turned to the western side of the bridge, but that aspect did not suit my deed. There was still a good deal of light in the West, and as the breeze raised the clouds from the horizon, and chased them on, a momentary change of scene from quickly varying light and shadow was produced, which did not harmonize with my purpose. Those clouds seemed to carry my thoughts from gloom and death to the pleasant home of my youth. Many an evening, on returning from a day's hunting or shooting, I had delighted to imagine them thus sweeping over, on their long, long journey, to hang over the sailor's storm-tossed ship, and lend their gloom to the horrors of the tempest.* I turned from the west to the east side; here all was blackness and haze; I resolved not to hesitate another moment; I placed my foot on the rail, and fixed my eye on the whirling black eddies below, which seemed to my then excited imagination as the smiles on the face of a fiend laughing at my destruction. A thought perfectly ridiculous then occurred to me. I have said that I could not swim. I thought, then, I shall sink at once; and while yet full of life, I shall struggle, perhaps stand, and walk, on the slimy bed of the river, with the waters pouring and rushing by over my head. I don't know why, but this idea was full of horror to me; I was prepared to die by drowning, but not with my feet on earth. Had the water been a hundred fathoms deep, I thought I could have made the plunge without hesitation; but the apprehension of feeling my natural, while destroyed by another, element, was terrible; and having looked at the water for two or three minutes, during which time the idea gathered strength, I turned away, walked off the bridge through the toll-gate, instead of the way I had projected, and took the nearest way home. As I approached my lodgings I became bitterly ashamed of myself—I felt that a tragic resolution had been deranged by a most absurd and fantastic idea. I had determined to drown myself, and changed my purpose because the thought of struggling in the mud occurred to me! I resolved to drown myself the next day. When I got home I took tea, dinner I did not choose to afford myself, and I ate several rounds of toast, just as if I had not been a man whose mind was set on suicide, and who was about to play his part in a grand and sad tragedy, for so I considered it.

The next day I rose late, made additions to my letter to Louisa, read Werter till nearly four, and then again went forth to do the deed, but having had enough of Battersea, I chose not to go farther than Millbank this time. While looking out for a proper spot, I saw two genteel lads engaged in a row with some drunken blackguards who were hustling and bullying them; I believe that I never wanted courage in the common acceptation of the word, and I interfered now more boldly in the affray than perhaps I should have done at another season and in another frame of mind. After a few blows and more words, the ruffians sheered off, the youths were all gratitude, and we walked together to Westminster; when we parted, suicide was as much out of my head as if it had never been in it. I again found my way to my last home in Bloome-

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* I have stated that I was a romantic youth; and I believe, without meaning a bad pun, that the heads of all romantic youths are a good deal in the clouds: that is to say, if they are brought up in the country; for town-bred people appear to have no idea of any clouds, except clouds of smoke and clouds of dust. But to us country-folks, who are at all tinctured with fancy, the clouds furnish an ever-varying prospect; and not only do they vary themselves, and very beautifully, but they vary our landscape, which would grow stale to our eyes but for their passing touches of light and shade. People talk of the sky of Italy; it is doubtless fine to look at *once*, but the landscape under it, however beautiful, must want variety, and a changing expression. Living in it, must be like being wedded to a beautiful woman who wants play of feature, and whose brightest charms become insipid from sameness. I love our bold fleecy clouds, whose constant motions give an appearance of life to our skies. Wordsworth is the only poet who has made any use of the clouds. In his Excursion, this beautiful thought is suggested by a solitary spot—

> ——In such a place
> I would not willingly, methinks, lose sight
> Of a departing cloud.

Painters know the value of clouds, but unfortunately they cannot paint them moving; they can only seize the one effect: but the great virtue of clouds, is that of producing ever-varying effects. They are incessantly shading and colouring the objects beneath them.

bury, and did not feel ashamed of my postponement of the execution of my purpose this time as I did before. My gallantry in the affray assuring me of my courage. But after this I thought no more of drowning, persuading myself that there was a fatality against it.

The conclusion of this day brought me to my last shilling, but instead of running out my last sand with it as I had projected, I bethought myself of two or three articles of jewellery, of small value, which I possessed, and I resolved to sell them, and to live a day or two longer on the money. This I did; how I lived I care not to tell; suffice it to say, I sought distraction in every possible way. On Christmas-day I came to my last dollar, and a melancholy day it was. The excitement which I had produced for some hours past, by artificial means, had given place to the usual consequent depression: my purse was just exhausted: the people at my lodgings looked suspiciously on me; my duns threatened me for the morrow: I was alone in this great city, without a hope for the future, or a friend to cheer the present moment. I remained for many hours in an agony of misery. At one instant I thought of throwing myself on my family, and, if necessary, conceding to their wishes; but when I reflected on the high tone I had assumed, and the firm resolution I had professed, a resolution on which I extravagantly piqued myself, I fancied that it would be the height of meanness in me to succumb. I had in truth vapoured a good deal; I had played the hero of romance to the life. I had filled the glass; I must drink it, thought I. Louisa Daventry shall lament, but never despise me.

To a friendless, unconnected man, in a large city, a great festival which draws together each domestic circle, and leaves the stranger alone, solitary—is a melancholy occasion. To me, destitute, full of sad thoughts, and desperate resolution, it was a day of bitterness indeed. I saw gladness all around me, and felt misery within. Every sign of cheerfulness quickened the sense of my own forlorn condition. I envied every creature that met my sight, for I fancied that every creature but myself made one welcome guest in some dear circle. I was no where linked in this vast social chain. The thought was bitterness to me, and it afflicted me more than my poverty and its attendant miseries. I have hinted that I was the creature of sentiment, and thrown as I had been, suddenly, out of the fostering bosom of a family, on the cold wide world, it may not be difficult to understand my feelings.

About the middle of the day my landlady came up stairs, and in that peculiar voice and manner which are produced in landladies by an unpaid bill, asked me whether I did not dine out, taking care to remind me at the same time that it was Christmas-day. I told her I did, and at about four o'clock I left the house, intending to walk about till night, when I purposed to end all my earthly troubles and mortifications. The evening was close and heavy, a drizzling rain fell now and then, and every thing out of doors looked blank and gloomy. As if to seek out a place more melancholy under these circumstances than another, I unconsciously took the way to the city, and strolled for some time through its filthy, and, at this season, deserted streets; thence I crossed London Bridge, and passed from the Borough into Saint George's Fields; the squalor and misery of this district would at another period have disgusted me, but now I felt more at home there than any where else. There was no appearance of any thing social or cheerful here to shock me by contrast. Hence I wandered to Westminster, and as it began to rain smartly as I passed over the bridge, I made that accident a pretext for taking a seat under one of the covered recesses on that bridge. Here also was a woman rather advanced in life, and of a genteel, but very subdued air; her clothes, which seemed scanty and unsuited to the season—a light shawl and silk petticoat—were dripping wet, and I looked upon her with compassion as a sister in calamity; she avoided looking on me at all. She had a little girl with her whom she held by the hand, and during the time that I was in their company, not a word was exchanged between them; the child gazed up intently in the woman's wan face sometimes, but neither spoke a syllable. I thought they seemed numbered with misery. The only action of the mother, if such she was, was to pass her hand frequently over the child's clothes, and to endeavour to wring the moisture from them. The dollar in my pocket I could not part with; it was reserved to purchase my death, and I could not bestow it to support the lives of these poor creatures. When the rain ceased, the watchman came and desired us to move on, and the woman hurried away with an alarmed air, as if a being apparently so sunk in misery had still something to dread. We went in opposite directions.

After having walked so many miles in darkness, I heard, to my amazement, the cry of past eight o'clock; I thought it should be near midnight, and it seemed to me that there would be no end of this dismal night. Foot sore, drenched with rain, and exhausted, I resolved to make now for my lodgings, and on my way I went into a chymist's near Bloomsbury, and asked for an ounce of oxalic acid to clean boot-tops. The man looked at me, I fancied, as much as to say, you are above cleaning boot-tops, and below wearing such smart gear. He, however, weighed out the quantity, wrote—"OXALIC ACID—POISON," on the paper, and extended it towards me without any observation. I took the packet with a steady hand, and having before laid the dollar down on the counter, was about to leave the shop without receiving the change. He called me back, reminding me of my omission, to my some small confusion.

I had no farther use for these poor coins, and on my way to my home I looked out for some object on whom to bestow them. I met with none, however; I seemed to myself the only miserable creature walking the streets on that night, so joyous to the rest of the world, and joyless to me. My knock at the door of my lodgings was answered by the servant of the house: she was in truth a Maritornes such as is common to lodging-houses; but as she opened the door to me for the last time, and lit and handed me my candle, I invested her with that sort of adventitious dignity which belongs even to the humblest performers in a great tragedy—my dark destiny seemed to shed a romantic colour on the commonest and vulgarest objects around me. The woman, who was dirty, careless, and stupid, had never been in favour with me; on the contrary, indeed; but now I was softened even towards her, and as she performed these homely little offices for me for the last time, I felt moved, absurd as it may sound, and thanking her with a voice of kindness, told her that I was ill, and therefore going early to bed. Truth compels me to say that she appeared perfectly unconscious that her part at this instant, mean as it was, was one in tragedy, and she wished me good night, just as if I had been a man destined to see the morning. When in the room it struck me that I should want some warm water to dissolve my oxalic acid, and I rang the bell, which was answered by my landlady's daughter. She came up, I knew, in order to display the finery which she wore in honour of the day. I thought, "You little know what is passing in the mind of the man whose eye you would surprise with these miserable gauds." She was no more fitted for the part of witness to a romantic catastrophe than the maid, for she was plain and squinted; but these are after thoughts—at the time I had no such trash in my contemplation.

While the girl was fetching the water I strode up and down the room in some perturbation of spirits. This was the most painful interval in the whole of that terrible day to me. The impossibility of facing the morrow, had completely braced me for my deed before, but this pause at the very point of execution, seemed to relax my purpose why, I knew not. In a minute, however, the girl returned with the warm water, and asked me, when about to retire, at what hour I would be called in the morning? I felt a choking sensation as I replied—"At the usual hour." She then left the room, giving that slam to the door which reminds a lodger that he has not paid his bill. A moment's communing with myself, shame for my perturbation, and an appeal to my pride, restored me to my resolution, and I was again strung for my purpose. I walked deliberately to the table, mixed the dose, shaking the last grains of the powder from the paper into the glass, and then set it on the looking-glass stand to cool. I then walked up and down the room, composed, and to the best of my recollection perfectly thoughtless—my mind was either vacant, or so loaded that it had lost its action. When I concluded that the draught was sufficiently cool, I walked up to the toilet, took it, and raised it to my lips with a steady hand; at this instant my eye rested on the reflection of my own face in the mirror, and I felt proud of its composure, and pleased to look on it while I drained the deadly draught. This done, I set down the glass with a firm hand, and again walked up and down the room, with some confusion of thought going on in my mind, but no pain or apprehension—those feelings had had their day; they were now gone. Being weary, after a time I laid down on the bed, waiting the action of the poison, and comforting myself with the reflection that the pain would be short, that it would soon be over, and I at peace. Louisa Daventry, I remember, and my family, did not fill much of my thoughts, which were all centered in myself: my anxiety was all about myself, and how I should bear my sufferings, and whether my courage would hold out as the shadow of death darkened my intellect. Strange as it may seem, while thus meditating, my ideas wandered, and a doze came over me, and I slumbered, I should imagine for nearly an hour; on waking suddenly, I felt the common shock of recollection under calamitous circumstances, and wondered that my body was still at ease, as the long wick of the candle showed me that my doze had not been short. It will last me out, I thought; and I continued for about half an hour gazing at the dull light and fancying the likenesses of fantastic forms in the gloom beyond it, while the wind howled, and the rain pattered against my window. Then, for the first time, I felt some twinges of pain, which admonished me that the enemy was at work, and which increased gradually in violence, till I suffered what I knew to be the usual operation of poison. I thought now of nothing but my pains, and perceived that the work of death was by no means of a dignity corresponding with its horror. The process grieved my flesh, and shocked my sentimen'. As the pains grew sharper I began to repent of what I had done, wishing it undone or over, and frequently examined my pulse to ascertain the exhaustion of my strength—other pains and fancies then possessed me. But I must draw a veil over the scene here, for even at this distance of time, there are circumstances in it which I cannot bear to remember, much less to commit to paper.

My groans, groans more of mental than of physical suffering, at last alarmed some part of the family; and my landlady's daughter tapped at the door and asked me whether I was ill? No answer being returned, she opened the door and repeated her inquiry; I replied "Leave me alone—leave me alone—I have taken poison—leave me to die in peace." On this she uttered a loud scream, then rushed to the head of the stairs, and stood screaming there till the whole family, which had sat up carousing, were brought to the spot. In answer to their questions about the cause of the uproar, she only screamed, and at length to explain the matter more clearly, went into hysterics. After the lapse of some valuable minutes, when they had found that nothing was to be learnt from her, the master of the house, a coarse fellow, applied to me to inform him what had happened, and I told it to him pretty nearly in the same words in which I had told it to his daughter. He received the intelligence differently. "A pretty business this here," said he, "I would not have had such a thing to happen in the house—no, not for a thousand pounds!" And then off he went, as he said, for the doctor. I faintly told him it would be of no use—that human aid would not avail; but I must confess that I felt no disposition to offer any vehement resistance to the experiment. My bed was now surrounded by the members of the family, who ceased not to ask me how I came to do such a thing, and to admonish me of the sinfulness of the action; at the same time that they seemed full of the most tender anxiety to alleviate my bodily pains. Indeed, such was their zeal for me, that but for the good sense of a visitor, they would have made me swallow all the sallad oil which there happened to be in the cruet stand, on the strength of its antidotical reputation, without waiting the arrival of the doctor. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour which seemed to me an age, the apothecary arrived, and having very sensibly commenced business by clearing the room, he asked me what the poison was, the quantity, and how long I had taken it. I told him what it was, the quantity, and that I took it at about nine; he pulled out his watch, looked at the time—half-past twelve, and looked grave. "What did you take it in?"—I replied pointing to the glass on the toilet. He walked up to it, as I thought, with strange deliberation, and unfeeling composure, and seeing the paper on the table, took it up, read the inscription, and dropped it with a manner which went to my heart, and made my teeth chatter in my head. I then felt, for the first time, the horror of death,—I then seemed, for the first time, to feel that I was indeed dying,—fated in a few quick minutes to cease to be,—and passing bitter was that moment of agony! Still I watched the apothecary, as if my last shadow of hope rested on his uncouth person. Having laid down the paper as I have described, he immediately took up the glass—and this period, short as it was, was the period which contained for me an age of anguish—he dipped his little finger in the moisture at the bottom of the glass, carried it to his lips, tasted it, and looked surprised,—tasted it again, and—burst into a loud laugh! My blood boiled against the monster, but before I could find words, he said, "Come, come, young gentleman, there is no harm done after all. Here has been a lucky mistake. You have taken a dose of Epsom salts instead of oxalic acid, and it will cool your blood and do you a great deal of good, and you will be all the better for it to-morrow, and thankful that you are alive and kicking. Say your prayers, thank God for all his mercies, and go to sleep. Good night." And with these words, and a ha! ha! ha! he closed the door. In a minute the whole house rang with the same sound—every creature was giggling and chuckling, and I heard their smothered titters as they passed the door.

From an agony of dread I now passed instantaneously to an agony of shame. My tragedy had, in a second,

been converted to burlesque. I thought I should never survive it; but of suicide I thought no more. But nature was exhausted, and in spite of my trouble, I fell asleep, and woke only at nearly twelve o'clock the next morning, when the maid knocked at my door, telling me the hour, and that she had two general-post letters for me, for the postage of which she would thank me, as her mistress *had no change*. I now thought of the few shillings which I had been so anxious to get rid of as useless to me the night before, and right glad was I of their assistance at this moment. The postage was thrust under the door, and the letters were then made over to me through the same channel. I had no mind, indeed, to show my face, if I could avoid it. The letters were from my father, and my brother, the ensign. On opening the first, my eyes were gratefully surprised by the sight of a twenty-pound note, which, as I hastily unclosed the envelope, escaped from its confinement, unfolding its beauties to my delighted view as it fluttered, opening as it fell to the ground, whence I snatched it with that eager instinct of affection which shows that if there be such a thing on earth as love at first sight, it is the love of a bank-note, whether white, spotless, and unprofaned by indorsement; crisp, pure, and immaculate in silver papery intact innocence, as it comes like a snow-drop from the parent bank; or dirty, blurred, and blotted, scribbled, sleazy, greasy, thickened, frowsy, thumbed, and *languidior betâ*, as it comes torn from the fond and reluctant hands of doating men. These are the friends it always glads us to see; these are the friends it always grieves us to part with. For my part, I love to see them in any shape; but I have a preference for them in their virgin, undefiled beauty, fresh and fair from Threadneedle-street. Such a note was this which flew from the folds of my father's letter, and expanding on the air as it skimmed to the ground, blew in an instant to the full blossom-beauty of a twenty-pounder. I took it up, folded its dear form with a tender and respectful hand, gazed fondly at its figure, and reverently committed it to my long widowed pocket-book, then read my father's letter, which ran in these terms:

Dear Henry,—I trust that the short trial to which I have subjected you will have had the effect of teaching you a lesson of worldly prudence, and convincing you of the necessity of looking after the main chance. There is nothing to be done in this world, my dear boy, without money; and you must by this time have discovered, if I am not greatly mistaken, the difficulty of procuring it. There is a road to a certain independence now open to you; and as you know my wishes, and perhaps now better understand your own interests, I am not without hopes that you will conquer your romantic notions, and follow it. But decide for yourself. Weigh my situation; consider how many of your brothers and sisters I have to provide for, and how confined are my means; then make your final choice. If you determine not to do as I wish, come down to us, and we must make the best of a bad business. Out of my poor resources I will do what I can for you, but I shall not live for ever, Henry; and while I do live, my means of serving those I love are miserably circumscribed. In the event of a change of ministry, indeed, I might do something for my children, but the Tories seem to be set in for ever, and a long rainy day we Whigs must look for. Adieu, my dear boy, be either here or with Mr. W. without delay.
—Yours, &c. J. S.

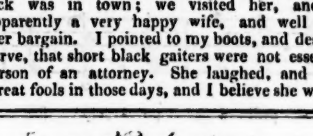
The other letter from my brother, the ensign, was as follows:

My dear Henry,—We know what my father has written to you, and hope you will be an attorney, and grow devilish rich, and keep a famous house in town, where one can come and see you once in a way. I assure you that a house in town is no such bad thing. Dick Clinton of ours had a brother in town who kept a good house, and a devilish comfortable thing it was for him, I can tell you. When the rest of us used to be poked away in pigeon-holes, up three pair of stairs, at the Northumberland and the Salopian, and loosing our teeth in the tough slices of cow's hides at silver-shops, there was Dick in clover, living like a fighting cock, at free quarters. Dick's brother was worse than an attorney; he was in some shoppish business or other, but Dick saw nothing of his shop, and a good deal of his table, and a deuced good one it was, too. So be an attorney, Henry, like a good boy, and we'll have some famous fun together yet.

Poor old Ponto's dead and gone at last. We buried him with the honours of war under the chesnut-tree at the old gate. More bad news too—Dido got spiked the other day, we don't know how, but John Gregson thinks he can cure her. By the bye, your old flirt, Louisa Daventry, was married last Monday to Colonel Drystick, the yellow nabob, that you and she used to laugh at so unmercifully for insisting on putting the whist-table candles on stilts, and sitting on one particular chair, or no where at all. Do you recollect the rage he used to get into with me when I made a row at backgammon? Well, he's married to Louisa Daventry, the little mischief; and you can't imagine what fun it was to see him while the business was doing in church; he was afraid of the cold and damp, you know, and looked so bilious and so miserable with his coat buttoned up to his chin, I'm sure he would have put Louisa's shawl on if she had offered it to him. They have taken Mason's house for a twelvemonth. The match was made, they say, in ten days, from first to last. Double-quick time, a'nt it? But I must stop, for Thomas is going off to the post this instant, and I have given you a famous long letter. I did not think it was in me. Be an attorney, my boy.
Yours affectionately, C. S.

P.S. James insisted on hunting with the Yowley hounds on Tuesday, and threw down Hermoine at Patly-hill, and broke her knees. This comes of sailoring. My father was devilish mad, but Mam made it up.

So then, thought I, for this little jilt and her nonsensical prejudice against black gaiters, I have quarrelled with my kind father, resisted a scheme which undoubtedly has its advantages, and finally attempted my life. A pretty farce it would have been if I had drowned or poisoned myself out of deference to *the taste of Mrs. Drystick*—Mrs. Devilstick! but she'll be miserable with that parched piece of anatomy, and I don't pity her. But never again will I believe that there's faith in woman. Here followed the usual train of thought which every man perfectly understands, and the whole was wound up by a resolution to forswear love, to comply with my father's wishes, and put myself in regular training at Mr. W.'s How I prevailed upon myself to face the people of my lodging-house, who had witnessed the last night's mock-heroic farce, I can scarcely even now comprehend; but the Epsom salts, (about the first dose of physic I had ever taken within my recollection,) together with the fasting of the preceding day, had left me in a condition of stomach peculiarly favourable to breakfast, and the keenness of my appetite fairly vanquished my sense of shame. I rung the bell, ordered the bill in a peremptory tone, change for a twenty pound note, and breakfast. The change for the note changed the notes of the whole family; they were in a moment all obsequiousness, and no allusion was made to the last night's tragedy; but I fancied, nevertheless, that I saw a suppressed titter on every face. My resolution to attend regularly at Mr. W.'s was more exactly adhered to than my resolution to commit suicide. I was received with every mark of kindness, soon got accustomed to harness, and promised to become a very pains-taking practitioner. I changed my lodging as soon as possible, as they reminded me too strongly of the follies of my days of romance, and I soon became, in every sense of the word, another man. I am now in Mr. W.'s firm, and married to a very amiable woman, who has not, I firmly believe, any ideas of any sort or description on the subject of short black gaiters. This spring Louisa Drystick was in town; we visited her, and found her apparently a very happy wife, and well satisfied with her bargain. I pointed to my boots, and desired her to observe, that short black gaiters were not essential to the person of an attorney. She laughed, and said we were great fools in those days, and I believe she was right.



Poetry.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

M'CARTHY'S DREAM, LEGEND OF A BANCHEE, &c.

CANTO FIRST.

"My muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what's called success, or not succeeding."
Don Juan

"Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus, usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona * * * * * *
Juvenal.

While now we see engaged the public mind,
'Bout broken merchants, bankrupts, and some more
Nonsense absurd, I feel my muse inclined
To spread abroad her intellectual lore,
And zephyro favente, with the wind
Assisting, we will reach the shore
Of public fame, where poets wish to hover,
Plaudite et valete—preface over.

An introduction's now the thing we want;
Then to begin, I say, I am a man
Of moderate talents, for it is a cant
To cope with Byron, who could briefly scan
A House of Commons, where debaters rant
(Vox and preterea nil) whose verses ran
Pure as the current of a purling streamlet,
That laves alike the palace and the hamlet.

To find a subject, next I would essay,
One that with ease I could lay down in verse;
The muses favour in the month of May,
And, save the drowsy Morpheus be averse
From my attempt, before the dawn of day
Shall gild the earth, and night disperse:
To-morrow, by a gas-lamp, I shall survey
All new editions, and some matter purvey.

At length I have succeeded, for of late
A work appeared (the author Wilson Croker)
And I some fairy legend shall translate,
Or rather rhyme, although not an invoker,
Of Grim Medusa, who had power from fate
To change to stone whoever did provoke her
Vicious wrath. I hate all superstitions,
And yet my tale refers to apparitions.

An hundred years have now almost transpired
Since died M'Carthy, who, in life, possessed
A pure and upright name—all he desired—
Leaving a widow, with no offspring blest,
Save a young son, who entered life, attired
In dissipation's gaudy and deceitful vest,
And cared not for the pangs he thus inflicted
Upon a parent's breast, already much afflicted.

But morning pleasures are not stationary;
The noon-day sun will not be bright at eve;
And bliss and revel, we see, often vary
Their luscious scenes for bitterness and grief;
And happiness is often, by a strange vagary,
Changed into woe, which nothing can relieve:
But Charley (for I'm now baptizing
My hero) could not relish moralizing.

I've seen a schoolboy, one in mischief rife,
Tie to a warbler's leg a measured string;
The little captive, panting for free life,
Chirps a sweet note, expands its feathered wing,
And flies with equal joy, as does a wife
Fly from a husband who wont *give her fling*;*
But, ah! its progress quickly was impeded,
Before to gain the house-top it succeeded.

'Twas thus with Charley; for, in mid career,
He was o'ertaken with a brisk attack
Of deep consumption, in his twentieth year,
Which turned out a very serious drawback
Unto his raking; for 'twas thought a bier
Would be the next expense. His spirits lack
Their wonted energy. The doctors fear
That nature's dissolution had drawn near.

I labour to be brief: I hate to have a tale
Unnecessar'ily long.—Poor Charley died.
The neighbours, always ready to bewail,
Scarce heard the news, ere to the wake they hied,
And there with aqua vitæ did regale
Their drooping spirits; not before they cried
As fine a keen† as e'er was hullaghoned,
But each for own misfortune only groaned,

As at Patroclus' wake—'twould be amusing
To hear the stories by the gossips told:
To hear them all, with charity abus'ng
Their next-door neighbours, would a tale unfold,
Fit for a *Blackwood*, and the mere perusing
Of that one passage, would repel the cold
Damp drooping gloom that overspreads the spirits
Of Englishmen, when dull November visits.

* A vulgar term for her own way.
† Keen is the Irish funeral or death song.

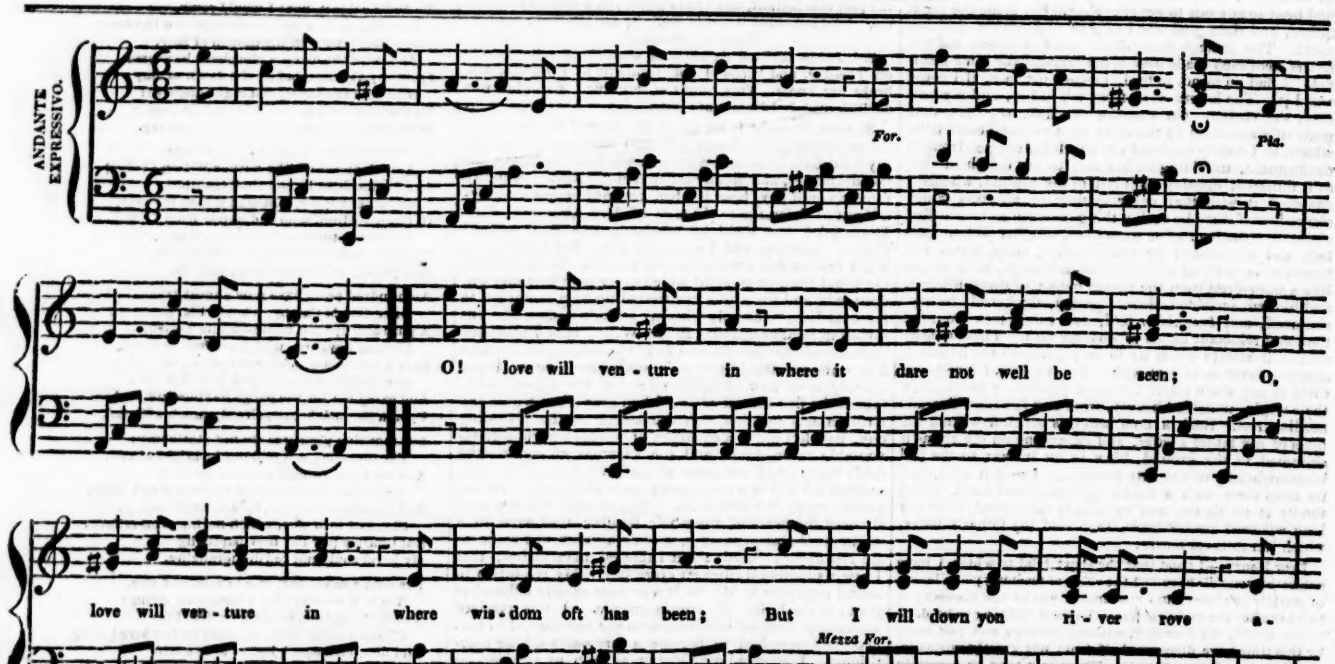
TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH EPIGRAM
IN THE LAST KALEIDOSCOPE.

Upon his bed, and near his end,
A certain drunkard gasping lay;
His doctor says, "Not yet, my friend,
Will you the debt of nature pay;
But if you would prolong your days,
Drink less wine." "Yes," the drunkard says,
"I find you're right and I am wrong,
For yesterday I wine forsook,
I but a single bottle took;
But never was a day so long." W. W.

O! LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

THE WORDS BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. SAMUEL SMITH, OF MANCHESTER.



2.

The primrose I will pull, the firstling of the year,
And I will pull the pink, the emblem of my dear,
For she's the pink of womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And all to be a posey for my own dear May.

3.

The woodbine I will pull when the evening star is near,
And the diamond drops of dew shall be her eyes so fair,
The daisy for simplicity and unaffected air;
And all to be a posey for my own dear May.

4.

I'll tie the posey round with the silken band of love,
And place it in her breast, and swear by all above,
That to my latest draught of life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posey for my own dear May.

The Traveller.

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—No. XVI.

(From the Leeds Mercury.)

ROME (continued)—PALACES—PICTURE GALLERIES—SUCCESSION OF PROPERTY—VILLAS—MAL ARIA—VILLA BORGHESE—GUIDO'S AURORA.

DEAR ——, *Rome, Feb.* 12, 1826.

In going through the Vatican and Capitoline Museums, we were brought down from the works of antiquity to those of the comparatively modern period, when the arts flourished with so much splendour under Julius II. and Leo X. Both the period and the subject lead me naturally to speak next of the *Palaces* of Rome, many of which were erected in that age, and in which vast collections of sculpture and painting have been accumulated by their owners. These palaces form the chief ornament of the modern city, whose streets, though narrow like those of all the Italian cities, receive an air of magnificence, sombre perhaps, yet imposing, from the enormous piles which tower on either side, and whose fronts are sometimes rich, sometimes plain, but always regular and grand. Their number is so great, and they lie so dispersed over all parts of the city, that you find no quarter in Rome, as you find in every other city, entirely abandoned to meanness and poverty. Wander where you will, you are ever in view of some monument either of ancient or modern grandeur. The palaces are seldom retired from the streets, but range with the other houses, unprotected by any palisading or open space; a portico in the centre admits you into a large square area, (most of the palaces being built in the form of quadrangles,) and the internal fronts are frequently ornamented with ancient bas-reliefs or busts, whilst sarcophagi or other pieces of antiquity are seen under the arcades of the ground floor. Many of the palaces have been built by the nephews or natural children of the Popes, out of the treasures which the pontiffs amassed during their reign for the aggrandizement of their families; and, having been erected for the residence of families enjoying a temporary supremacy, they are on a much larger scale than the real property of the owners could maintain, so that they are neglected, dirty, and often let off in part to tradesmen and lodgers, whilst the family takes refuge in an upper story. The ground floor of the Palace Ruspoli is let off as a coffee-house and billiard-room; the Palace Barberini is in part occupied by lodgers; and the Princes, their proprietors, who are amongst the first nobles of Rome, live in the remaining apartments. It is no uncommon thing here for a Prince to live in a garret, and yet he shall have a gallery of pictures and statues, which he is too proud to sell, and vast suites of rooms, which he is too poor to furnish. The Doria Palace is so immense that it might lodge an army, and the Borghese, the Farnese, the Corsini, and the Colonna Palaces approach it in size: except the last, these palaces are still in the possession of very rich families, yet their courts and staircases are usually filthy, and they show throughout a great want of the comfort and cleanliness which would be considered indispensible by any respectable tradesman in England. The vast halls and corridors are generally paved with marble, which renders them very cold in winter, but is highly agreeable during the oppressive heat of summer.

Many of the palaces contain admirable collections of paintings by the great Italian masters, where an amateur may spend days and weeks in the study of these works of genius. I have often been amused, after viewing one of these collections, to recollect the strange variety of emotions which are excited during the inspection. You see such a mixture of subjects, such a diversity of styles, that every chord of the heart and mind is touched, yet without the slightest order or harmony. Subjects from sacred writ and from heathen mythology, historical and allegorical, noble and mean, pathetic and humorous, lovely and terrible, landscapes, portraits, battle-pieces, sea-pieces, all arranged according to the size of the pictures, or the nature of their frames, with no reference whatever to any other sort of classification. On the same wall, perhaps, you may see all this variety:—after being melted by a weeping *Magdalen* of Titian, you are saluted by the meretricious glance of a *Venus* from the same pencil; Raphael's *Madonnas* and his *Mistress* are side by side; from a *Dead Christ*, or a *St. Francis*, of Hannibal Caracci, you pass to his *Triumph of Bacchus*; from a *Sybil* of Domenichino, or an *Apostle* of Guercino, to a party of *Gamblers* by Caravaggio; Albani's *Dance of Loves* is contrasted with Tenier's *Dance of Boors*; a languishing *Cleopatra* of Guido, with a raving *Prometheus* of Salvator Rosa; a *Boar Hunt* by Snyders, with an Italian *Sun-set* by Claude. Yet all this confusion is agreeable, and even necessary, for it gives continually a fresh stimulus to the attention, which would soon be exhausted by a uniformity of subjects; a room full of portraits or of landscapes is insufferable; the appetite is soon satiated when you eat of a single dish.

In order to keep up these great families and splendid palaces, the Italians adhere rigidly to the system of allowing only one son to marry. The eldest, of course, has always the choice—a preference which has waggishly been ascribed to the greater confidence an Italian nobleman has of the first being *his own* son than any of the rest; but if he decline to marry, the second has the privilege of keeping up the race, and so on. That this unnatural system is necessary to the maintenance of these princely establishments, in a country where the younger sons of noble families have no means of earning wherewith to support a wife and children, is no less evident, than it is that the system is powerfully hostile to the morals of that class. Whether enormous properties are so advantageous to a state as to justify a system productive of enormous vices, I shall not now discuss. The Colonna family, one of the most ancient in Rome, has just been reduced from its splendour by an unlucky resolution of all the children to marry; the property is divided into four parts, and the present Prince finds it necessary to let his palace, and reside at Naples.

The *Villas* of Rome, some of them within the wide circuit of the city walls, and others in the immediate vicinity, are scarcely less splendid than the palaces. They are nearly all built on elevated situations, so as to command a view of the Campagna and surrounding mountains, and they have extensive grounds attached to them, laid out for the most part in a style of stiff magnificence, but containing fine avenues of tall, broad-headed pines, the shade of which is so grateful in summer, and interspersed with precious specimens of ancient sculpture. The Villa Borghese has been described by the eloquent authoress of *Corinne* in terms somewhat too glowing: I did not find it so paradisaical as I expected; yet I must make allowance for the difference between summer and winter, great even in Italy, and must allow that those solemn groves would be very delightful as a refuge from the torrid heat of a summer's noon, if a poison, subtle as it is mortal, did not pervade the transparent atmosphere, and repay the momentary enjoyment with fever and death. The *mal aria* reigns in these fine grounds, and is as formidable as the dragon that kept the gardens of the Hesperides, or more so, for it is an enemy unseen, which resides amidst all that is delicious to the eye, and pure and fragrant to the other senses. It environs the city like a besieging army, and has even possessed itself of strong-holds within the walls; but what is most extraordinary in this pest is its partiality, for of two villas on the same hill, separated only by a hedge, one is subject to it, and the other is exempt; nay, there are houses placed so exactly across the invisible line of its frontier, that one room is healthy and the adjoining room fatal. This terrible pest continues to encroach upon the city, and no means can be devised to check its progress.* It is owing, doubtless, to the uncultivated state of the Campagna, and to the effect of the sun on the marshy grounds: the remedy is clearly *cultivation*; but how cultivate without an increased population? and how increase the population under a government in which kingcraft and priestcraft combine to depress and degrade the people?

The Villa Borghese has been cruelly despoiled of its treasures of ancient sculpture since Madame de Stael published her *Corinne*. By far the finest collection in Rome, after the public Museums, adorned the villa of the Prince, whilst one of the most splendid galleries of paintings enriched his palace. But Napoleon took away all the sculpture to adorn the Louvre, and gave the Prince in return his sister Pauline and a government. The exchange was disadvantageous, for the government slipped out of his hands too soon, and his wife not soon enough: the Princess was very beautiful, and no niggard of her favours; and the Prince, from a disinclination either to see what he had lost, or to feel what he had gained, absented himself from Rome and his wife for many years, till the latter, finding herself at the point of death, went to him at Florence, and expired before his eyes. It is twenty-five years since the Prince saw his splendid property at Rome; he resides in the capital of Tuscany, where he apparently contents himself with outshining the Grand Duke in his equipages.—The Villa Albani contains a large and admirable collection of ancient sculpture; the Villa Doria-Panfili is remarkable for its fine situation and magnificent grounds; the Villa Ludovisi, within the walls, has a noble collection, which no person is allowed to see, the Prince Piombino, its owner, rigidly excluding all visitors; and, as he cannot find any servants who have fortitude to resist the offer of a piastre, the hunks takes the trouble of watching the gate himself. This, however, is a solitary exception: every thing in Italy may be seen for money.

Though mindful of the promise in my last not to weary you with long description of the remaining edifices of Rome, I cannot quit the palaces and villas without noticing the garden-house of the Rospiglioni palace, which is a perfect gem in the fine arts. This is a beautiful little erection, one story in height, and containing three good-sized apartments. The front is covered with antique bas-reliefs, so full of expression, vigour, and grace, as to throw all modern productions of the same kind into the shade. The interior contains a small but admirable collection of paintings, and on the ceiling of the principal apartment is the famous *Aurora* of Guido, the most brilliant fresco in point of colouring that I ever saw, and one of the most elegant and classical compositions existing. Aurora, beaming in youthful beauty, yet with the soberness of the dawn, flies with the rapidity of light before the chariot of the sun, scattering flowers in her track, whilst the clouds and darkness disperse at her approach. The golden chariot of the sun is guided by Apollo, around whose head is an intense radiance, and he holds lightly the reins of four coursers of immortal vigour, who bound over the clouds as though they would devour space and time, emitting fire from their eye-balls and nostrils. Hand in hand dancing round the solar car, are the Hours, with the freshness and cheerfulness of morning; and above flies Cupid with the most bird-like swiftness and buoyancy, stretching forth his torch towards Aurora. There is a consistency in this admirable composition that must strike every observer; the whole train presses forward with an equal and rapid motion, with a vigour that seems inexhaustible, yet with the most graceful ease and ethereal lightness. I never saw either motion or buoyancy more perfectly represented in painting. These you may judge of from engravings, but you cannot from them form an idea of the brilliant and admirable colouring, which constitutes so great a charm in this work,—which gives a rosy flush to Aurora and the Hours, a splendid radiance to Apollo, and which so perfectly represents the bursting forth of light and glory in the midst of darkness. I could find no defect in this work except in the countenance of Apollo, which has scarcely enough of dignity: but an eminent English artist, whose name I have already mentioned, told me that the drapery of one of the Hours was of too bright a blue to be in keeping with the rest of the picture. If he had not noticed this, I should rather have thought the colour of the garment a merit, as it is precisely the cerulean blue of the morning.

[To be continued.]

* As the subject of *mal aria* is curious and disputed, I asked Thorwaldsen the other evening what was the result of his thirty years' experience of the climate of Rome. He said, that in the height of summer you might walk out of the city, from four to six in the morning, without the slightest danger, and with great advantage to the health, the air being then of a freshness and purity the most delightful, and a sky perfectly beautiful, but that, after that hour, when the sun became powerful, you cannot quit the city with impunity; he added, that the best means of preserving health in that season was to practise abstemiousness.

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER.

(ACCURATELY COPIED FROM THE ORIGINAL.)

Howshippers Aphartment,
27 fibyochairy 1800.

Sun,—I am rathur supperisd that sins my Litter you ave knot pust mattars farthur housumdevver I am stil villian to beliheave yu vil not niggleheet me I thairfwhore vishes to ave ure piktherr vich I am tould is costumhari on such okeaishuns I have a friend a Cunnysewer hoo as a Pikther of vun of our famhille that vith a littil Halterashun he sais vil bee as lik yu as possibil and vos paynted by a wery unhenlint mastur in the dais of Holeifear Kramwel this yu nose vil saiv Expance and I vil giv u a rin sit rownde vith mi one Hare but if u are knot serouse I must tel u I vil knot be bumhugd for I ave tu rispectabil rilashuns in lundun hoo are unkils vun is Kochemun to a humpassadore the uther,a turkl marchant in bunnilain market behsides anuthur unkil in the euntury hoo is juist ass of pese and vil awl se me ritehead if u mens to slit and dishers me tho I thinks with vat I tould u I had bifwhore and vat u ave put tughether we mit bee weary kumfurtuble. But I ineest upon hit that I mai hav sum riggleher kontiushun how to rigglehate myself aekordinly.

Ures as you dimhean ure self,

E—— B——

Mr. John Stepenson,
Swins Lege, near Boston,
Linkcolshear.

The Kaleidoscope.

SWIMMING.—We perceive that some of our cotemporaries have copied, from the *Quarterly Review*, *Bernardi's* ridiculous directions for swimming, the absurdity of which we last week pointed out. We advise our young friends, if they ever wish to become good swimmers, to follow a mode the very reverse of that recommended by this innovator. If, indeed, it be the summit of their ambition to "tread water," or to "mark time," to use a military phrase, they may adopt the position recommended by the Italian Canon; but if their object be to swim gracefully and expeditiously, they must imitate *Dr. Frog*, and not *Dr. Bernardi*. If we were in the habit of making wagers, we would give fifty yards out of every hundred to any man who would engage to swim in the upright position, and we would bet a good round sum that we should win the race.

THE SWIMMING COLLAR.—Every experiment we have made with the cork collar confirms our conviction of its great importance. We have already asserted, that, independently of its utility as a life preserver, it is peculiarly well adapted for teaching young persons to swim. In proof of this we can refer to Mr. Turmeau, the artist, who procured one of the collars for his son, a youth only ten years of age, and who had been hitherto uncommonly timid in the water. The collar, however, gave him such confidence, that, after a few days' trial with it, he could swim without it.

In consequence of numerous inquiries both in town and country, we deem it necessary to state that we do not deal in cork, nor have we any pecuniary interest in the general introduction of the collar.—After we have made a few more experiments, we shall be able to determine upon the best mode of applying the buoyancy; and we shall, in all probability, be enabled in our next to speak more decidedly than we have hitherto done.

Correspondence.

COURTESY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Though you may not deem the following question of sufficient importance to make the world acquainted with it, yet, out of respect to myself, and to the fair friends at whose request I now trouble you, I think you will not be so cruel as to refuse to place a line, by way of answer, in your notices to correspondents. The subject was agitated by an inquiry after the health of a gentleman, in a party of ladies only; and the question was, whether his proper appellation were Mr. S——, or Mr. John S——. He has an uncle who was the eldest of three brothers, and is the only existing one. Will, then, the uncle's existence prevent the eldest son of his brother from adopting the title of Mr. S——, (his father being dead) until that uncle dies; and, should that uncle's son survive, will he ever be in possession of that title, whatever his age may be, in comparison to that of his cousin?

I shall, on receiving my favourite, immediately report your judgment to the ladies, for whom I am, Sir,

Liverpool, July 3, 1826. SCRIPTOR.

CRITICISM.

The following note from the author of the French fable in the *Kaleidoscope* of June the 13th, ought to silence all further carping about the correctness of *Es-sciences*.

" Que d'aveugles parlant couleurs!
Que d'ignorants dans les censeurs!"

MONSIEUR,—Je ne puis empêcher personne de s'appliquer cet ou tel rôle des bêtes que je mets en scène; mais celui qui s'est cru reconnaître dans l'une de mes taupes, s'est maladroitement trahi par une critique qui dévoile qu'il ne se doute pas plus de la littérature Française que son auxiliaire M. Des Carrières. Il est facile de voir que ce dernier avait été de longues années étranger à la France, lorsqu'il fut employé à la *fabrication* d'une nouvelle édition de Chambaud; car il ne fait mention d'aucun des nombreux mots que vingt-cinq années de grands évènements ont introduits dans la langue Française. Si M. Des Carrières est *Maître ès-Arts*, il n'est qu'*écolier en littérature*, autrement il aurait su que le premier grade littéraire en France est celui de *Bachelier ès-lettres*. D. ALBERT, 10, Saint Mary's, Manchester.

A Monsieur Egerton Smith, Liverpool.

The Beauties of Chess.

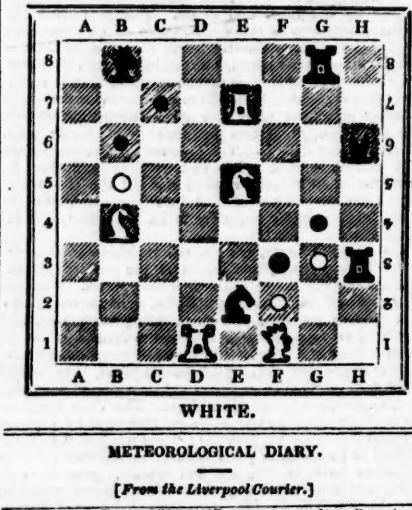
(See a note to correspondents.)

" Ludimus effigiem belli."—VIDA.

[NO. XCIX.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in six moves.

Black.



WHITE.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
June										
28	29	86	65	0	77	0	79½	0	N.W.	Fair.
29	29	94	64	0	73	0	77	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
30	29	97	63	0	71	0	77	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
July										
1	30	12	63	20	72	0	74	0	N.W.	Rain.
2	30	19	62	0	71	0	74½	0	N.W.	Fair.
3	30	13	61	0½	69	0	75½	0	N.W.	Fair.
4	29	86	63	0	72	0	80	0	S.E.	Fair.

28th.—Various slight showers in the afternoon. A heavy shower at a quarter past four.

29th.—Various slight falls of rain in the afternoon.

1st.—Rain, accompanied with thunder.

4th.—A gradual depression of the barometer, together with the wind changing, favours every anticipation of rain. The warmest day we have experienced since the 27th ult.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

L. Zachariah, jun. of Portsea, pawnbroker, for a combination of materials to be used as fuel.—May 8.

D. Dunn, King's-row, Pentonville, manufacturer of essence of coffee and spices, for improvements upon the screw-press used in the pressing of paper, books, tobacco, or bale goods, and in the expressing of oil, extracts, or tinctures, and for various other purposes in which great pressure is required.—May 23.

T. Hughes, Newbury, Berks, miller, for improvements in the method of restoring foul or smutty wheat, and rendering the same fit for use.—May 23.

F. Molineux, Stoke Saint Mary, Somersetshire, for an improvement in machinery for spinning and twisting silk and wool, and for roving, spinning, and twisting flax, hemp, cotton, and other fibrous substances.—May 23.

T. P. Birt, Strand, coachmaker, for improvements in wheel carriages.—May 23.

J. Parker, Knightsbridge, iron and wire-fence manufacturer, for improvements to park or other gates.—May 23.

D. P. Deurbrocq, Leicester-square, for an apparatus to cool wort, and also for the purpose of condensing the steam arising from stills during the process of distillation.—May 23.

W. H. Gibbs, Castle-court, Lawrence-lane, warehouseman, and A. Dixon, Huddersfield, manufacturer, for a new kind of piece goods formed by a combination of threads of two or more colours, the manner of combining and displaying such colours in such piece goods constituting the novelty thereof.—May 23.

J. Smith, Tiverton, Devonshire, lace manufacturer, for an improvement on the stocking frame.—May 23.

J. Loach, Birmingham, brass-founder, for a self-acting sash fastener, which fastening is applicable to other purposes.—May 23.

R. Slagg, Kilnhurst Forge, near Doncaster, steel manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacture of springs chiefly applicable to carriages.—May 23.

L. J. Marie, Marquis de Combis, Leicester-square, for improvements in the construction of rotatory steam-engines, and the apparatus connected therewith.—May 23.

J. B. Fernandez, Norfolk-street, Strand, for improvements in the construction of blinds or shades for windows, or other purposes.—May 26.

R. Mickleham, Furnival's Inn, civil-engineer and architect, for improvements in engines, moved by the pressure, elasticity, or expansion of steam, gas, or air, by which a great saving in fuel will be effected.—June 6.

H. R. Fanshaw, Addle-street, silk-embosser, for an improved winding-machine.—June 13.

J. Ham, Holton street, Bristol, vinegar-maker, for an improved process for promoting the action of acetic acid on metallic bodies.—June 13.

To Correspondents.

The Index to our sixth volume, which was promised with this day's *Kaleidoscope*, is prepared in the type, and will be ready for delivery in course of a few days. It will be delivered gratuitously, and will be forwarded to all the agents of the *Kaleidoscope*.

We are sorry *O. M. E.* took the trouble to do what we never required or expected. As for our refusing the letter, we can assure our correspondent that we had not the most distant idea of the quarter from which it proceeded. But we have so frequently to pay heavy sums for useless communications, that we have been obliged to adopt defensive operations.

WELSH ANTIQUITIES.—The engraving of the monument recording a battle between the Saxons and Picts is in readiness, and shall appear with the description, &c. very soon.

GHOSTS.—We have received from a correspondent, subscribing *Justice*, what he intends for a summing up of the late controversy about supernatural beings. We shall re-peruse it in order to decide upon its publication.

THE STORY OF THE SUICIDE, which occupies about eleven columns of this day's *Kaleidoscope*, has somewhat interfered with our preconcerted arrangements, and obliged us to postpone several articles until next week, including the first canto of the Crusaders,

M'CARTHY'S DREAM.—The writer of this piece is informed that our arrangements, owing to the great length of some of the pieces introduced, have obliged us to break off his dream very abruptly, and perhaps not in the best place.—Our correspondent will, we hope, pardon the hint we give, that it would be well to pay rather more attention than he has done to the measure and accent, which are not unfrequently defective. We know that the author of Don Juan has set the example in all sorts of irregularities in the Beppo measure; but it would be better to imitate his beauties and shun his defects. The mere rhyme is of much less consequence than the accent, which should never be violated. In M'Carthy's Dream, the last two lines of the third verse, if read correctly, are quite prosaic, and to make any thing like tolerable jingle of them, the words *survéy* and *purvéy*, must be read *súrvey* and *púrvey*, which is quite inadmissible.

CHESS.—It appears that in the game XCVIII in the *Kaleidoscope* of the 27th ult. the checkmate can be protracted one move, by the Black, on his second move, covering the check by his castle on the square D 5. We are indebted to a correspondent for this information; in consequence of which, we must trouble our chess readers to make the necessary alteration with a pen.—If our correspondent will favour us with the solution to his own problem, we shall, after examination, avail ourselves of it.

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE.—We shall not fail to redeem our pledge on this subject.

J. D.'s manuscripts have been forwarded to his address.

The selection of *Lector* shall be attended to.

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